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NO. 20.

Robert the Brave.

(Continued.)

‘No, my lord,’ exclaimed Robert, ‘you have recompence to make. We knew the generosity of your heart : we foresaw the emotions you would feel, and we have ventured to suspend the execution of your orders. They are unknown to Adela ; it is the hope of finding a father in her sovereign which brings her to your feet ; it is with this noble confidence she repairs to your court ; and her heart, while it laments the consequences of that justice which you could not dispense yourself from exercising, experiences only the sentiments of loyalty and respect.’

‘Your example is too noble, replied the count of Toulouse, ‘for me to refuse to imitate it. I yield to your request. I will entertain for Adela all the tenderness of a father ; she shall retain all the possessions of her ancestors. I shall find for you other rewards. But I will cause her to be informed of the sentence of the barons, and the donation which I had bestowed on you.

I cannot suffer her to remain ignorant that you have been her generous advocate, and that it is to you and not to me that her gratitude is due’

It was in vain that Robert reiterated his entreaties that secrecy might be observed with respect to an action which justice and honour equally commanded ; he could only obtain an assurance that Adela should be reinstated in her possessions.

The beautiful Adela hastened to obey the commands of her sovereign. She added a new embellishment to his court, and the prince was every day more satisfied with himself for having bestowed that pardon which he had at first only granted to the generous solicitations of Robert.

In the mean time, the count of Toulouse, strongly actuated by the desire of proving to the two friends how much he was satisfied with their services, and wishing to bestow on Robert an indemnification equal to his noble sacrifice, conceived that he could not do either with more effect than by proving to the whole world that the honours he conferred on the two warriors were

solely the reward of their great actions. To render this act more public and conspicuous, he resolved to assemble all the knights within his states. He was confident that these judges of honour and merit, after having heard the recital of the achievements of Robert and Roger, would applaud his intention to reward their merit by raising them to the rank of knights, without compelling them to declare the secret of their birth.

The count of Toulouse soon informed the two friends of his design. After having heard him, Roger, unable longer to resist the emotions of joy which he felt, threw himself at the feet of the count to express his gratitude. His friend appeared to him so deserving of the honour promised him, and the count of Toulouse so generous, so great, that he no longer hesitated to declare to him the secret of their birth, and that of his heart. He related to him the circumstances of the two actions in which the courage of the father of Robert had saved the life of his own father; gave an account of the manner in which he lost his life; and how the count de L**** had endeavoured to discharge his debt of gratitude to the children of this brave warrior. He confessed with more embarrassment, but with all the ardour of love, his passion for Elvire; and explained the motives which had induced him to quit the castle of his ancestors, and repair to the court of the count.

This recital extremely increased the esteem which the count of Toulouse had conceived for the two friends, and the interest he took in their success and happiness. He was convinced that he should still more ennoble his own

character, by seizing such an opportunity to reward courage. His heart was animated by the most lively desire of promoting their happiness, yet was he still attentive to the counsels of prudence, and the means of most effectually ensuring complete success to their wishes.

'Let the secret of your birth,' said he to them, 'remain still unknown. I will invite the knights of my territory to assemble at my court, under pretence of consulting them on an affair of importance: I will insist on the relationship by which I am allied to the father of Roger, the more certainly to induce him to repair hither on the invitation. I can rely with confidence on the elevation of his sentiments and the integrity of his heart, which will not suffer me to doubt that, when he shall hear the recital of your great actions, he will unite his suffrage with mine, and declare that you merit the most noble of rewards. All the assembled knights, induced by our example, will then concur in judging you worthy to share their honours and their rank. When this decision shall have been pronounced, Roger may come forward, and fall at the feet of his father, who, I am certain, finding his son thus crowned with glory, will feel a transport of happiness while he clasps him in his arms; nor will he have a right to reject Robert, now become his equal by valour and by virtues.'

The two friends admired the project of the count of Toulouse: they could not however entirely banish their fears. But Raymond, not participating in their doubts, prepared to invite the knights, when an envoy arrived at his court, dispatched by the count de L****, to

implore his aid, and describe the wretched situation to which he was reduced.

Since the departure of Robert, the silence which the count had observed with respect to the flight of his son had at first surprised all the great lords in the vicinity of his territory. After having vainly endeavoured to penetrate his secret, they learned that the castle was filled with sadness and mourning. A report of the death of Roger was then generally circulated, and the tears which the countess never ceased to shed seemed to confirm it. The families allied to that of the count, finding all their inquiries fruitless, began to think of securing to themselves the rich inheritances that would have devolved to Roger.

The head of the most powerful of these families, wishing to preclude all other pretenders, and consulting only his greedy ambition, had the barbarous indiscretion to send to the count de L—, requiring him to acknowledge him as heir to his domains. An answer expressive of indignation and contempt was returned to this demand. Actuated by avarice, and the thirst of revenge, this greedy relative wished to extort by force what he could not obtain by persuasion.

The count, not having been able to foresee this unjust attack, had not taken any precaution to guard against it. The strength of his castle defended him against a surprise; but not having collected a sufficient number of troops to retain possession of the open country, and not having had time to lay up a store of provisions, he found that he must soon surrender at discretion to his cruel enemy, if he could not

obtain speedy succour. In this pressing distress, knowing only the count of Toulouse who was sufficiently generous, and at the same time sufficiently powerful, to effect his deliverance, he availed himself of a secret subterranean passage, unknown to the enemy, to send off an emissary to solicit the protection of his sovereign, and the answer he should receive must decide his fate.

As soon as Raymond had learned the particulars of the situation of the count de L—, he did not hesitate a moment in what manner he should act. But, continually attentive to the interest of the two friends, and not willing that they should be recognized by the envoy, he caused him to set out again immediately, with orders to assure his master that he would send him speedy aid, and avenge him of his enemy. The messenger was sufficiently cautious and alert to elude the assailants of the castle; and on his return re-animated the hope of the count, by the promises he brought him on the part of Raymond.

The count of Toulouse wished to communicate himself to the two friends the intelligence he had just received. Their uneasiness equalled their rage; they immediately started up to run to their arms, and fly to the succour of those they held most dear.

‘Moderate this ardour,’ said Raymond to them: ‘I have already given my orders: my troops are collecting: you shall march at their head: to you alone I confide the care of defending so just a cause. But remember, Roger, and return me your thanks, Robert shall have the command in chief, and you shall serve under him: to him I

shall give my orders to march and save your father."

The noble heart of Roger felt the sublime goodness of this order; tears of gratitude gushed into his eyes, and his friend and himself, alike agitated with extreme impatience, hastened the preparations for their departure.

For this every thing was soon ready; the soldiers, animated by the ardour of their leaders, would only take, during their marches, such rest as was indispensable, and in a few days they arrived within sight of the enemy who invested the castle. Robert then restrained his rage, to listen to his prudence. Like an able commander, he examined the position of the army he was to engage, and neglecting nothing that could secure to him the victory.

Roger, at sight of the place which had given him birth, and which contained all that he held most dear, wept, sighed, and experienced every tender sentiment at once. But soon these gave way to an eager wish to meet the enemy, and save and avenge those he loved.

While Robert was making preparations for his attack on the besieging troops, the count d' L—— observed, from the lofty towers of his castle, the motions and dispositions of those who were advancing to his succour. He immediately resolved to make a vigorous diversion, as soon as he should see the battle commenced, and the same subterranean passage which had afforded him the means of sending an envoy to the count of Toulouse enabled him to communicate his intention to the general who commanded the troops of that prince.

Robert, after dividing his troops in

to two divisions, put himself at the head of the first, and gave to Roger the command of the second. Both passed, communicating to their soldiers, the ardour by which they were themselves animated. The signal for battle was given, and the troops, accustomed to conquer under such leaders, easily surmounted the first obstacles that opposed them. The combat was, however, renewed at every post, and the victory for some time continued doubtful.

While the two friends, terrible and sudden as the thunderbolt, overthrow every thing which obstructs their passage, and fly to every part where their presence is necessary, the count falls, with his usual impetuosity, on the troops of the enemy nearest the castle, and throws them into the greatest disorder; but too eager to pursue his victory, his imprudent courage hurries him away too far. The troops he had repulsed, recovering from their first surprise, perceive the small number of those by whom they are attacked: the centre appears to fly, but it only retires to form a thick circle, in the midst of which the count finds himself surrounded on every side.

Certain, then, that his defeat must be inevitable, he wishes only to sell dearly his life. Acquiring new strength from despair, he falls to the ground all within his reach, while the solidity of his armour defends him for some time against the attacks of his enemy. But fresh assailants continually succeeding, he becomes enfeebled with fatigue; his horse falls pierced with wounds, and he falls with them. He is on the point of being sacrificed by his enemies, when Robert, whom no

thing could resist, while pursuing the fugitives, perceives the formidable troop in the midst of which this unequal contest is waged. At the sight he utters a terrible shout, and flies to the spot, almost alone, determined to die or save the count. The violence and rapidity of his blows soon open him a passage. Already he covers the count with his shield, and his sword deals death to all who dare to approach him; when, to his surprise, he quickly finds that he has no longer enemies to contend with, but that he is surrounded on every side by his own soldiers, who, ardent to follow his plume, which had ever been to them the signal of victory, had hastened after him, followed his example, put to death all who offered to resist them, and forced the rest to fly, till the count and Robert had no longer around them any but their brave defenders.

(To be continued)

WHAT IS LIFE BUT A ROMANCE?

"Life's but a walking shadow; a poor player

That frets and struts his hour upon a stage,

And then is heard no more. It is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing." SHAKESPEARE

WHERE is the man (I speak of him who from birth and education mixes with society,) who has not met with some of those extraordinary events, nobody believes if found in a book, but which are given full credit to, when related by the hero himself?—Travel in a diligence or stage-coach: at first you look about you and say nothing: soon afterwards you get a little acquainted with your fellow-travellers;

and at length, after mutual observations and discoveries, in order to amuse one another, you tell, by turns, all the wonderful accidents that have happened to you through life.

This gentleman escaped being killed by a most miraculous interposition of Providence. The one opposite him has been shipwrecked at least half a dozen times; taken by Corsairs, and carried to Tunis as a slave; from whence, after employing a thousand ingenious devices, he succeeded in regaining his freedom. His neighbour on the right hand informs you, with great modesty, that, when he was upon his travels, having to cross a desert, his horse and himself lived eight days without eating or drinking.

A lady then gives a circumstantial account of falling into a fish pond when she was a child; that she had sunk twice, and was going down the third time, when she was rescued from a watery grave by a large Newfoundland dog of her father's, who leaped into the pond, and brought her out in safety. A military gentleman seated next her, takes the opportunity of the discourse turning on highwaymen, to express his contempt of them; and assures the company, that he was once attacked on such a road by a banditti; that he alone resisted the whole body, killed four with his own hand, and put the rest to flight.

The conversation at length turns upon the fair sex; and a dashing blade of about two-and-twenty, asserts that, God forgive him, he has deceived ten women at a time, that the only one he ever really loved, was seduced by his rival; and that at last he married one, who had fully revenged her sex by her

ill qualities, which had obliged him to live separate from her.

Doubtless the reader has sometimes passed the evening at one of those houses, where there is not the amusement of cards, but where the mistress, who has for some time been *post meridiem*, supported by large cushions, with her foot negligently placed on a damask stool, is surrounded by old courtiers, ruined speculators, antiquated coquettes, and others of both sexes, who know not how to drag on the burden of their existence. If so, when politics, the news of the day, and slander have had their turn, and are exhausted, he has probably heard the amiable mistress, to entertain her guests, go into a history of her early adventures, paint emphatically the domination of the passions; and console herself for the present by the remembrance of the past; boast of the heroic deeds of those knights who were proud to wear her chains. Twenty of them were killed in duels; an officer of the dragoons set fire to a convent to procure her liberty, and carry her off to a foreign country; a burgomaster, in despair at her indifference, put an end to his life by poison; the emperor of Russia was deeply smitten with her—his ministers were no less struck with her beauty; a bashaw with three tails offered her all the gold and diamonds of the eastern world—she rejected every thing with noble disinterestedness. What attacks were not made on her virtue! An artist, a young Italian painter, became enamoured of her charms; the pencil of Apelles prevails over the treasures of Cræsus. But time flies, the days of pleasure pass rapidly away, the rose loses its fragrance, and the

painter forsakes his new Sophronima, in order to go and copy the ruins of ancient Greece.

The unfortunate damsel afterwards marries a rich financier, who dies in a state of insolvency, and the poor widow is at length reduced to talk of her former splendor in the midst of a circle of grey-beards; who in reply relate the battles they have fought, the sieges they have undertaken, the assaults they have sustained, the embassies which have been intrusted to them, the money they have squandered, and the success they still meet with, (alluding to the fair sex,) notwithstanding their grey hairs.

A person present, whose errand there is to make observations, listens attentively, collects all these circumstances, arranges the materials, and gives to the public, disguised as fabulous, the history of these ridiculous personages.—The vices, the faults, the virtues, the crimes, and the noble actions, all is huddled together; it resembles falsehood, it is called novel or romance, and yet every part is founded on reality.

THEOPHILUS CIRBER.

THIS strange eccentric wag, in company with three other *bon vivants*, made an excursion to France. One had a false set of teeth, a second a glass eye, a third a cork leg, but the fourth had nothing particular except a remarkable way of shaking his head.—They travelled in a post coach, and while they were going the first stage, after each had made merry with his neighbour's infirmity, they agreed that at every baiting place they would all affect the same singularity. When

they came to breakfast they were all to squint—and as the countrymen stood gaping round when they first alighted, “ad rot it (cried one,) how that man squints.” “Why dam thee (says the second,) here be another squinting fellow.” The third was thought to be a better squinter than the other two, and the fourth better than all the rest. In short, language cannot express how admirably they squinted; for they went on a degree beyond the superlative. At dinner they all appeared to have cork legs, and their stumping about made more diversion than they had at breakfast. At tea, they were all deaf; but at supper, which was at the Ship at Dover, each man resumed his character, the better to play his part in a farce they had concerted among them. When they were ready to go to bed, Cibber called out to the waiter,—here, you fellow, take out my teeth.—“Teeth sir!” Ay, teeth sir. Unskrew that wire, and you’ll find they all come out together; after some hesitation, the man did as he was ordered.

This was no sooner performed, than a second cried out, here you, take out my eye: how sir, said the waiter, your eye! Yes, my eye; come here you stupid dog, pull up that eye-lid, and it will come out as easy as possible!—This done, a third cried out, here you rascal, take off my leg. This he did with less reluctance, being before apprised that it was cork and also imagined that it would be his last job. He was, however, mistaken. The fourth watched his opportunity, and while the poor frightened waiter was surveying, with a rueful countenance, the eye, teeth, and leg, lying upon the table,

cried out in a frightful hollow voice, come here sir, and take off my head! Turning round and seeing the man’s head shaking like that of a mandarin upon a chimney piece, he darted out of the room; and, after tumbling headlong down stairs, he ran about the house, swearing that the gentlemen up stairs were certainly all devils.

NORTH AMERICAN ANTIQUITIES.

[From the Analectic Magazine]

THERE is now in the city of New-York a remarkable human mummy, or exsiccation, found lately in Kentucky. It is thus described in a letter from Dr. MITCHILL, to S. M. BURNSIDE, Esq. Secretary of the American Antiquarian Society.

August 24th, 1815.

DEAR SIR,

I offer you some observations on a curious piece of American antiquity now in New York. It is a human body, found in one of the lime-stone caverns of Kentucky. It is a perfect exsiccation; all the fluids are dried up. The skin, bones, and other firm parts are in a state of entire preservation. I think it enough to have puzzled Bryant and all the Archæologists.

In exploring a calcareous chamber in the neighbourhood of Glasgow, for salt Petre, several human bodies were found enwrapped carefully in skins and cloths. They were inhumed below the floor of the cave; *inhumed*, and not lodged in catacombs.

These recesses, tho’ under ground, are yet dry enough to attract and retain the nitre acid. It combines with lime and potash; and probably the earthy matter of these excavations contains a good proportion of calcareous

carbonate. Amidst these drying and antiseptic ingredients, it may be conceived that putrefaction would be stayed, and the solids preserved from decay.

The outer envelope of the body is a deer skin, probably dried in the usual way, and perhaps softened before its application, by rubbing. The next covering is a deer skin whose hair had been cut away by a sharp instrument, resembling a hatter's knife. The remnant of the hair, and the gashes in the skin, nearly resemble a sheared pelt of beaver. The next wrapper is of cloth, made of twine doubled and twisted.— But the thread does not appear to have been formed by the wheel, nor the web by the loom. The warp and filling seem to have been crossed and knotted by an operation like that of the fabrics of the north-west coast, and of the Sandwich islands. Such a botanist as the lamented Muhlenburgh could determine the plant which furnished the fibrous material.

The innermost tegument is a mantle of cloth like the preceding; but furnished with large brown feathers arranged and fastened with great art, so as to be capable of guarding the living wearer from wet and cold. The plumage is distinct and entire, and the whole bears a near similitude to the feathery cloaks now worn by the nations of the north-western coast of America. A Wilson might tell from what bird they were derived.

The body is in a squatting posture, with the right arm reclining forward, and its hand encircling the right leg. The left arm hangs down, with its hand inclined partly under the seat. The individual, who was a male, did

not probably exceed the age of fourteen, at his death. There is a deep and extensive fracture of the skull; near the occiput, which probably killed him. The skin has sustained little injury; it is of a dusky colour, but the natural hue cannot be decided with exactness, from its present appearance. The scalp, with small exceptions, is covered with sorrel or foxy hair. The teeth are white and sound. The hands and feet in their shrivelled state are slender and delicate. All this is worthy the investigation of our acute and perspicacious colleague, Dr. Holmes

There is nothing bituminous or aromatic in or about the body, like the Egyptian mummies, nor are there bandages around any part. Except the several wrappers, the body is totally naked. There is no sign of a suture or incision about the belly; whence it seems that the viscera were not removed. It may now be expected that I should offer some opinion as to the antiquity and race of this singular exsiccation.

First, then, I am satisfied that it does not belong to that class of white men of which we are members.

2dly. Nor do I believe that it ought to be referred to the bands of Spanish adventurers, who, between the years 1500 and 1600 rambled up the Mississippi, and along its tributary streams: But on this head I should like to know the opinion of my learned and sagacious friend, Noah Webster.

3dly. I am equally obliged to reject the opinion that it belonged to any of the tribes of aborigines, now or lately inhabiting Kentucky.

4thly. The mantle of feathered work,

and the mantle of twisted threads, so nearly resemble the fabrics of the indigenous of Wakash and the Pacific islands, that I refer this individual to that æra of time, and that generation of men, which preceded the Indians of the Green-River, and of the place where these relics were found. This conclusion is strengthened by the consideration that such manufactures are not prepared by the actual and resident red men of the present day. If the Abbe Clavigero had had this case before him, he would have thought of the people who constructed those ancient forts and mounds, whose exact history no man living can give. But I forbear to enlarge ; my intention being merely to manifest my respect to the Society for having enrolled me among its members, and to invite the attention of its Antiquarians to further inquiry on a subject of such curiosity.

With respect, I remain yours,

SAML L. MITCHILL.

TRUTH.—AN INDIAN TALE.

"Truth lies in a well."

As a fakir was taking his walk in a retired spot, the earth seemed to resound beneath his footstep. He stopped. "This place is hollow," he said to himself, "and perhaps incloses a treasure : what a happy man would it make me, should I be lucky enough to find it !"

The fakir began removing the ground, and soon observed a sort of vault ; but after undergoing so much fatigue, he was greatly mortified at discovering nothing but the mouth of a well, which had apparently remained there for several ages.

Whilst he was surveying it with an

air of disappointment, a female form, dripping with wet, shivering with cold, and quite naked, suddenly rose up ; and being excessively beautiful the fakir contemplated the figure with so much delight, that he never thought of covering her with his cloak.

"O thou who surpassest in beauty the daughters of Brahma," said he, "tell me who thou art, and wherefore thou bathest in a well?"—"I am TRUTH," she replied. The fakir instantly grew pale, and fell on his knees—as if a fakir and truth could not possibly exist together.

The virgin thus being at liberty, advanced peaceably towards the city. A woman walking naked is not so great a singularity in India as in other climates less favoured by the sun. There passed by her poets, sultanas, and eunuchs.

"Ah," said the poets, on beholding her, "how thin she is!"—"How indiscreet she is!" cried the sultanas. "How sad she appears!" ejaculated the eunuchs. None of them seemed to care about her.

A voluptuous courtier happened also to pass her. He perceived that she had a white skin, and had her placed in his palanquin.

Scarcely was she seated, when the mistress of the emperour appeared, riding on a dromedary, by order of her physicians. "How odd it is," cried Truth, "that the favourite sultana should have a crooked nose !"

The courtier trembled at this exclamation, and gave himself up for lost ; for there was a law forbidding any one from speaking well or ill of the favorite's nose. He cast Truth into the middle of the highway, saying, "What

a fool have I been to trouble myself with this babbler !"

She arrived at the gates of the city, and observing a person of an inferior order, enquired of him where she might find an asylum for the night.—The man conducted her to his home, not doubting but this acquaintance would make his fortune.

The host with whom *Truth* had taken up her lodging, got his living by writing a gazette; where, each morning, every person in office read his own panegyric. Whenever, therefore, he went to the court, the slaves had orders to fill his pockets with the best remains of the kitchen.

The presence of our traveller very much deranged the affairs of this poor man. He had scarcely time to prepare his gazette. *Truth* saw him at work without saying a word, and when he had finished, erased every thing that he had written. The publication was two days behind hand.

The vizir, angry at this delay, called for the writer, and after giving him fifty stripes, permitted him to speak in his own justification. He did so with eloquence and propriety; so much the worse for the gazetteer, for the vizir dismissed him with a hundred more bastinadoes.

This last punishment appeared singular to those who knew not how very just the vizir meant to be. He did this, because he wanted the time which the punishment occupied, secretly to remove *Truth* from the gazetteer's house. Had he thought ninety-nine blows would have been sufficient for his purpose, he had too great a regard for his fellow-creatures, to have suffered one more to have been inflicted.

(To be concluded in our next.)

VARIETY.

A PATENT BORE.

Every body has heard the story of the *wooden dishes*. A handsome specimen of yankee ingenuity of a similar nature was played off in this village last week, but detected in season to prevent any loss, and we mention it that the public may be on their guard against a curiously contrived system of imposition and fraud. A young man who called himself Sage, and one of three actors concerned, went into a store and spent some time in bartering for certain articles which he pretended were to be disposed of in a peddling voyage to Canada. After exerting himself very earnestly in making difficulties as to quality, prices, &c. a sufficient length of time to prevent any suspicion of connexion, a second stranger makes his appearance with *patent gimblets* for sale, mentions his prices, &c. and finding the merchant in doubt and hesitation retires, with a promise to call again. Soon after he is gone the Canadian pedlar *rather guesses* that *gimblets* would be a good item in his assortment, and having had some experience with the article finally determines to take a large number provided the merchant would obtain them at a price somewhat less than that mentioned by his accomplice; and after having excited in the merchant expectations of a profit, proceeds in search of some other articles not at hand. His place was soon supplied by the *gimblet* pedlar with another accomplice, who finds the merchant prepared by the artifices of Sage to purchase a large quantity of his *patent* wares at a price quadruple their value—the bargain closed and money pocketed, the Canadian pedlar may be looked for in vain—or if he makes his second appearance it is for the purpose of making excuses for a few hours delay—under the pretence of collecting his cargo, but in reality to make his escape and receive his share of the profits which had been thus artfully extracted from the till of the merchant by *patent gimblets made of iron*.—Utica Club.

PROVIDENTIAL ESCAPE.

It has been repeatedly insisted upon, that the custom of too hastily interring human bodies has frequently proved the cause of death to persons whose lives might be preserved for some time longer. A most striking instance in support of this assertion occurred yesterday evening in this city. A soldier of the 93d regiment, quartered in the barracks, was looked upon to be dead, and after having been laid out in the usual way during two days, was conveyed to the place of interment (St. Nicholas's Church-yard,) on yesterday evening, when on lowering the body into the grave, the soldiers assisting heard the noise of struggling in the coffin, and on examination found the man whom they were in the act of burying, endeavouring with his hands and knees to force up the lid. To their great astonishment they found their comrade still alive, and conveyed him home in the open coffin. This should prove an additional warning against premature interment.—*Cork, June 7.*

From the Port Folio.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

The following curious report, drawn up by a late learned judge, may serve to amuse your readers.

Cannonsburgh, March 1.

Gun was indicted at the sessions as a common disturber of the peace.—

Upon the trial it appeared, that *Gun* was a *flashy fellow*, all *fire and tow*, and when a little *primed* was sometimes very *noisy*. That one day at Smith's (the prosecutor's) refusing to pay his *shot*, and Smith insisting upon it, he *kicked* him, and went off. On the other hand it was said that *Gun* was in the main, a quiet, inoffensive creature, who never did any harm unless set on by others; that Smith might blame himself, as he had overcharged him, and, as some of the witnesses said, and even attempted to *rifle* him. The

jury however found him guilty of an *assault*; but, on motion of counsellor *Blunderbuss* in arrest of judgment, *Gun* was discharged.

MILITARY GAMING.

Bonaparte certainly played a great but hazardous game, Wellington was more than his match, and *loo'd* him.—We had heard of *palm loo* and *little loo*—but the game of *Water-loo* is of recent origin. It seems there were more than four knaves to the pack. Notwithstanding the tricks were in favour of Napoleon, Wellington played the *duce*, and compelled the French to show their *ace*, and give up their *king*. On the whole, the *rubber* was against them.—*Gleaner.*

Father O'Leary was once, when in company with another learned gentleman, in London, addressed by a young cockney, who had got some smattering of the Latin tongue, of which he was not a little proud. The youth, who was well acquainted with O'Leary's friend, knew nothing of the doctor, and in order to astonish him with the greatness of his acquirements, accosted him in bad Latin. O'Leary, who immediately perceived the foppery and folly of the lad, replied by uttering, in a grave accent, the following names of places in Ireland:—

Drocheda, Bulrodëros, Kai Machera, Kai Legadouri, Drumcondra, Oma-te, Ballinapoutok', Tartaranchan-te.

The young man mistaking those high-sounding words for Greek, was immediately awed into silence.

The matrimonial blacksmith of Gretna Green, having bound an old lady and a youth of unrazor'd lips in the silken bonds of wedlock, observed to a friend, "I have just tied a *withered stick* and a *green twig* together with a *cobweb*."

No single moment free from danger,
 And so does every man that lives ;
 In toil and peril he his part takes.
 Stands fire, and hurricance and shot ;
 He has his qualms, his head-aches, heart-
 aches,
 And where's the lubber that has not ?

The gold he gets does good to others,
 Though he at random lets it fly ;
 For, as mankind are all his brothers,
 He keeps it in the family ;
 Hair brea'th escapes each hour he weathers,
 No moment he can call his own ;
 And thus are men put to their tethers,
 Up from the cottage to the throne.

The thing is this : in every station
 We're born for pleasure and for trouble,
 And, if you strike to each vexation,
 Good Hope's true cape you'll never dou-
 ble ;
 But take the good and evil cheerly,
 And sum up creditor and debtor,
 If in this world they use you queerly,
 Be honest, and you'll find a better.

—:~:—
 From an English publication.

On the marriage of a daughter of Lord Sack-
 ville, who shed a tear during the ceremony.

By Cumberland.

YE solemn pedagogues, who teach
 A language, by eight parts of speech,
 Can any of you impart
 A rule to conjugate the heart ?
 Grammarians, did you ever try
 To construe and expound an eye,
 And by the syntax of the face
 Explain its gender or its case ?
 What said the nuptial tear that fell
 From fair Eliza, can you tell ?
 And yet it spoke upon her cheek
 As eloquent as tear could speak :
 " Here at God's altar as I stand,
 To plight my vow and yield my hand,
 With fault'ring lips whilst I proclaim
 The cession of my virgin name,
 And in my ear is read at large
 The rubrick's stern unsoften'd charge,
 Spare me," the silent pleader cries,
 " Oh ! spare me, ye surrounding eyes

Usher'd amidst a blaze of light,*
 While here I pass in public sight ;
 And kneeling by a father's side
 Renounce the daughter for the bride :
 Ye sisters ! to my soul most dear,
 Say, can I check the rising tear,
 When at this awful hour I cast
 My memory back on time that's past ?
 Ungrateful were I to forbear
 This tribute to a father's care ;
 For all he suffered, all he taught
 Is there not due some tender thought ?
 And may not one fond tear be given
 To a dear saint, who rests in Heaven ?
 And you to whom I now betroth
 In sight of God my nuptial oath,
 Who to nobility of birth
 True honour join and native worth,
 If my recording bosom draws
 One sigh—misconstrue not the cause ;
 Trust me, though weeping, I rejoice,
 And blushing, glory in my choice."

* The marriage took place at night.

—:~:—
 STANZAS.

WHEN storms have rag'd thro' all the day,
 And sink to rest at evening hour,
 How heavenly sweet the western ray,
 That gilds the mountain, vale, and bower !
 But oh ! more heavenly sweet the beam,
 That lightens o'er the wounded breast ;
 When resignation's holy dream,
 Has charm'd wild sorrow's storms to rest.
 There are, who deem such evening scene
 Far lovelier than the radiant morn ;
 There are, who prize a soul serene
 More than the joys of Fancy born ;
 While Fancy's brilliant spells beguil'd,
 They heeded not life's gathering storms,
 Nor saw, while youth and rapture smil'd,
 Pale grief and disappointment's forms.
 But just as heaven around was spread,
 Experience rent away from truth
 Illusion's veil—then Fancy fled,
 And bore away the soul of youth.
 And now, they ask not to be blest,
 They court no beam but that of peace,
 To light them to that home of rest,
 Where all life's little tempests cease.

NEW-YORK:

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 16, 1815.

Intelligence.

The President has issued a Proclamation, to put a stop to an unlawful expedition that appears to have been lately preparing, within the state of Louisiana, by some American citizens, to act in concert with the Mexican revolutionists, against the authority of the Spanish government.

On Monday last, another trial was made of the Steam Frigate *Fulton*.—She is said to have passed through the water at the rate of five and a half miles an hour by the log.—*Ev. Post.*

On Tuesday evening last, John C. Ward, cartman, was killed by a man of the name of Patrick Hart, a wood-sawyer. The circumstances of the case, as reported by the coroner's inquest, are as follows.—“Hart, in passing Ward, (in the night) happened to stick the point of a piece of wood through the pantaloons of Ward, upon which Ward gave Hart a slap in the face, asking if there was not room to pass without running against him.—Hart immediately took a stick from under his arm and dealt a mortal blow under the left ear of Ward, of which he died in about eight hours. The verdict—*Manslaughter*.

At the court of Oyer and Terminer, lately held in and for the county of Montgomery, in this state, came on the trial of Barent Becker, who had been confined for nearly one year in gaol on a charge of having poisoned his wife by arsenick, whereof she died.—The jury, after a lengthy hearing, returned with a verdict of *guilty*. The Judge then after addressing the prisoner in a very feeling and impressive manner, sentenced him to be hung on the first Friday of October next.

By the schr. *Vidette*, Capt. Hilliard, arrived here on Monday, we learn that news had been received at Port au Prince, that the Carthaginians had

been successful against the Royalists, and that they had opened a communication with Santa Fee. A ship, formerly the *General Gates*, of New-York, had arrived at Carthagena, from London, with 15,000 stand of arms and other munitions of war.—*Ev. Post.*

Joseph Bonaparte, the Ex-King of Spain, was landed about a fortnight since on Long-Island, by Capt. Messervees, of the schr. *Commerce*, bound from Bordeaux to Charleston. Hereported himself to our Mayor, as *Joseph Bonaparte*, and claimed the protection of the constituted authorities; and left this city for Philadelphia on Sunday last, in a private carriage.

During the latter part of August and first part of this month, immense losses by shipwrecks, on our coast and among the W. India Islands, have taken place by violent gales of wind.

On Thursday the 7th inst. the body of a man was found near the turnpike, between Bridge-Town and New-Brunswick, in a very decayed situation.—The flesh was entirely off the bones, which had apparently lain about three months. An inquest was held by the Coroner over the remains, who report it a case of Wilful Murder. There was in the skull, over the left temple, a hole about as large as a dollar; and another on the right side near the junction of the neck bone. He had on a fine linen shirt with a ruffle in the bosom, a pair of new fustian trowsers, socks, and a pair of right and left boots with round buttons on the outside.—From the size of the boots, and the general appearance of the skeleton as it lay, he was rather below the ordinary size, and of middle age, short brown hair, and does not appear to have been bald or grey. About the middle of June last, a sattin beaver hat and a black silk waistcoat were found near where the body lay; the waistcoat was torn on one side from the arm-hole to the bottom, and on the other from the arm-hole to the corner; had a two shilling piece in the pocket, and several spots of blood on it. The body appeared to have been drawn about thirty yards

from the turnpike into a small copse of bushes ; where it was discovered by a man who was gunning. The bones have been taken up and buried ; but the clothes, hat and boots have been preserved.—*Mercantile Advertiser.*

Capt. Luckett, of the ship *America*, arrived at Alexandria from Liverpool, informs, that on the 7th July he spoke the British frigate *Niger*, from the East Indies, 7 weeks bound to England, informed him that he had on board the Crown and Throne of the King of Ceylon, which place was in possession of the British, having been captured after a hard fought action in which the British lost two general officers and a number of men—the crown and throne were valued at eight millions—they had likewise on board a number of wild beasts—he said American privateers had been very numerous in the East Indies.

By the *Sally*, from Havre. (says the Boston Centinel) we have Paris papers to the 28th July—no later than before received. All France has submitted to Louis ;—tranquillity was restored ; and to insure it, the disloyal were to be disarmed. A Congress to confirm or revise the Treaty of Paris, was talked of ; but had not met. There were no indications of the speedy recession of the allied armies.

A gentleman, who had just arrived (at Lexington, Ky. August 28,) from St Louis, informs, that a treaty of peace has been negotiated with all the hostile tribes of Indians in that quarter, and that depredations on the frontiers had ceased. Col. Miller's regiment was ordered to Detroit, and is to be replaced by the one commanded by Col. Nicholas.

Nuptial.

MARRIED.

By the rev. Mr. Melancton Whelply, Mr. James James, to Miss Elizabeth Douglass, of this city.

By the rev. Mr. Hone, George Traver Hanksworth, Esq. to Miss Helen Denire Wilkins, daughter of the late Jacob Wilkins, Esq. of this city.

By the rev. Dr. M'Leod, Mr. Andrew Craig, to Miss Margaret Watts, both of this city.

By the rev. Mr. Williston, Mr. John Myers, to Miss Ann Lott, both of this city.

By the rev. Dr. Milledoler, Mr. Thomas Dennis, to Miss Isabella Houston, all of this city.

By the rev. Mr. Williston, Mr. Joseph Thompson, to Miss Margaret Boston, both of this city.

At Friends' Meeting, Mr. Augustin Bar-right, of Pleasant Valley, to Miss Mary Pearsall, daughter of William Pearsall, of this city.

Obituary.

The city Inspector reports the death of 68 persons, during the week ending on the 9th inst.—of whom 20 were men, 5 women, 28 boys, and 15 girls,

DIED,

Mr. Charles White, aged 46.

Mrs. Lewis, wife of Mr. Elijah Lewis.

Mrs. Leonora Lothian, in her 19th year.

Mr. Louis Brondault, late of Martinique, aged 56.

Mrs. Margaret M'Millan, wife of Mr. John M'Millan.

FOREIGN DEATHS.

In Hertfordshire, (Eng.) Miss Lucy King, aged 21—a young lady of rare qualities, and very genteel fortune. She died of love ; and left a legacy of 300*l.* to the Clergyman, to whom she was so much attached ; who expressed his surprise at the event, as he had only been twice in the company of Miss K. and had preached only twice in the parish where she resided. She had not communicated her deep-rooted attachment until a few days previous to her dissolution.

In Bath (Eng.) on the 14th of June, Mrs. Sophia Parnell, aged 26 years, wife of Mr. John Alfred Parnell, the Gothic traveller, and noted walking visitor to all Gothic Cathedrals in England. This lady's death was occasioned by eating a cucumber raised by copper-sheet reflectors, which put a period to her life in the space of three hours.

At Rippingale, (Eng.) aged 16, Ann Hardy, daughter of Thomas and Sarah Hardy, of that place. This young woman had attained the extraordinary height of seven feet two inches ! and had attracted much attention at Lincolnshire, having for a considerable time, been publicly exhibited at fairs, &c. as a phenomenon. Her parents are persons of only middling stature.

MYSTERIOUS MARRIAGE.

From a late London paper.

A very extraordinary discovery, relating to a marriage, which has recently excited much of public notice, was made a few days since, and affords a rich treat for the *scandal-mongers* of a metropolitan parish: the writer forbears mentioning the names of the parties, but the following is an outline of the facts which he has been enabled to collect from the most authentic sources:—a report having been very industriously circulated, that the marriage of the banker with the lady alluded to, was solemnized in *privacy* on the morning when a former matrimonial contract of one of the parties was dissolved by death, the lady of a celebrated political character, the daughter of one of the contracting parties, immediately instituted an enquiry into the truth of the report. The result, it is said, has disclosed a most heinous violation of the marriage act, and great misconduct on the part of the officiating minister. It is said, that upon reference to the marriage register of the parish church, an entry was found of the marriage in question, purporting to be witnessed by persons, who, it turns out, were not present at the solemnity—that the page of the register which contained the entry, was filled up with entries of marriages which had never taken place, and witnessed by the names of persons who never had existence, and to avoid detection, the two pages of the register were pasted together. Upon this discovery the inquisitorial lady, it is said, went immediately to the rural retreat, in the neighbourhood of Highgate, where the happy couple had retired to enjoy the *auspicious honeymoon*, and reproached her *venerable* father with his want of common decency, at a time when the remains of his former wife were not yet ready for interment.—This interposition, it is reported, has occasioned the solemnization of the marriage overagain by special licence, and a complete revocation of the gen-

tleman's will, by which the obtrusive daughter is cut off with a shilling.—The consequences of this discovery have been most penal to the unfortunate gentleman who acted as the Minister on the occasion. His conduct immediately reached the knowledge of the reverend Rector of the parish, by whom it was reported to the Bishop of London, and he has since been deprived of those clerical honours and profitable provision he had enjoyed, and rendered incapable of ever again ministering his sacred functions. It is reported that a handsome provision has been made for him by the gentleman, in consequence of the misfortunes which his misguided conduct has brought upon him.

ANECDOTE.

The Athenians had a memorable custom, that a freedman, convicted of ingratitude towards his patron, should forfeit the privilege of his freedom; as who should say, "We scorn to have thee a citizen, who art so base a valuer of so great a gift; nor can we ever be brought to believe that he can be advantageous to the city, whom we perceive to be villainous at home. Go thy way then, and be still a servant, seeing thou knowest not how to esteem thy freedom."

TWO or three YOUNG WOMEN will be taken to learn the Tailoring Business, by applying at No. 10, Pump-street, between Orchard and Sixth-streets. Such as are handy with their needle would be preferred.

THE MUSEUM,

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